



POLLY HONEYCOMBE,  
A DRAMATICK NOVEL  
OF ONE ACT.



[Price One Shilling.]

K

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A DRAMATIC NOVEL



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A DRAMATICK NOVEL

O F O N E A C T.

As it is ActED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.

The FOURTH EDITION.

With A L T E R A T I O N S.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET, in the Strand.

M,DCC,LXXVIII.

POLLY HONEYCOMBE

A DRAMATIC NOVEL

OF ONE ACT

As it is acted at the

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D R U R E



THE FOURTH EDITION

WITH ALTERATIONS

XXXXXX  
XXXXXX  
XXXXXX

L O R B O N

Printed by J. B. B. in the year

1850





## P R E F A C E.

AFTER expressing my Gratitude to the Publick for the kind reception they have given to Miss Honeycombe, and returning thanks to the Performers for their care and uncommon excellence in the Representation; I did not think of adding any thing further by way of Preface: but my Publisher insists on the necessity of my saying something in behalf of the Piece, which, I think, ought to speak for itself, and that my friend's scheme is much of the same colour with Bayes's practice of printing papers *to insinuate the Plot into the Boxes*. It has been usual with the Writers of the French Theatre, it is true, to tack Examens of their Plays, like a sting, or *melius non tangere*, to the Criticks, to the rail of them. But why need an English Author put himself to that trouble, when the learned and impartial gentlemen of the Reviews are so ready to take it off his hands; unless it were, like Dryden, to turn the thunder of the Critick's own artillery against himself, and to confute or anticipate his censures, by proving the Fable, Characters, Sentiments, and Language, to be excellent; or, if indeed there were some parts of it inferior to the rest, such parts were purposely *under-written*, in order to set off the superior to more advantage? This, indeed, Dryden has often done, and done so inimitably, that I shall not attempt  
it

it after him. To the Gentlemen, therefore, above-mentioned, the self-impennelled Jury of the English Court of Criticism, without Challenge, I put myself on my Trial for the High Crime of writing for the Stage, trusting that their candour will send me a good deliverance.

I could, indeed, in compliance with the request of my Publisher, have obliged the Publick, by printing, entire, an original Manuscript, now in my possession, containing several strictures on the following scenes; being no other than a Letter from my Mother, occasioned by the first night's representation, which, like most other first nights, was nothing more than a Publick Rehearsal, with ten thousand fears and apprehensions that never attend a private one. That Good Gentlewoman, hurt at the confusion, and in pain for my success, tells me with much warmth, and as dogmatically as any Male Critick could possibly do, that She is astonish'd at my attempting to violate the receiv'd laws of the Drama——That the *Catastrophe* (that was really her word) is directly contrary to all known rules——That the several Characters, instead of being dismissed, one by one, should have been industriously kept together, to make a bow to the audience at the dropping of the curtain——That, notwithstanding any confusion, created by the Girl's whimsical passion for Novels, in the course of the Piece, all parties should be perfectly reconciled to each other at last.—Polly, having manifested her affection for him, should, to be sure, have been married to Scribble; and the Parents should have been thoroughly, though suddenly, appeased by the declared reformation of both. Ledger might, with much propriety and great probability, have been disposed of to the Nurse: and the whole

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Piece,

Piece, instead of concluding bluntly with a sentence in Prose, should have been tagged with a Couplet or two; and then every thing would have gone off smoothly and roundly, *à la mode du Théâtre.*

Having thus presented the Publick with a small specimen of my good Mother's talents for Criticism, I shall not, by attempting to answer them, heap Remarks upon Remarks; rather chusing to leave Her and all other Criticks, Male and Female, to meditate on the following Extract from Ben Jonson; but must, at the same time, desire not to be understood to take to myself that confidence, with which he presumes to speak of his own abilities.

“ Though my Catastrophe may, in the strict  
“ rigour of Comick Law, meet with censure; I  
“ desire the learned and charitable Critick, to have  
“ so much faith in me, to think it was done of  
“ industry; for, with what ease I could have va-  
“ ried it nearer his scale (but that I fear to boast  
“ my own faculty) I could here insert.”

To this quotation I shall add a short story, and then conclude my Preface with an Extract from the Catalogue of one of our most popular Circulating Libraries; from which Extract the reader may, without any great degree of shrewdness, strain the moral of this performance. The story is as follows.

A Nobleman of Madrid, being present at the Spanish Comedy, fell asleep during the first act, and never woke again till the end of the play. Then rubbing his eyes, and observing his friends laughing at the hearty nap he had taken, he cried out, *How now? Gentlemen! What! is it OVER then? Are the Actors all MARRIED?*

E X T R A C T.

# E X T R A C T.

- A** Accomplish'd Rake, or the modern fine Gentleman.  
**A**dventures of Miss Polly B—ch—rd and Samuel Tyrel, esq.  
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**A**dventures of David Simple.  
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**A**dventures of Daphnis and Chloe.  
**A**dventures of Prince Cleremont and Mad. de Ravezan.  
**A**dventures of Mr. Loveil.  
**A**dventures of Joseph Andrews.  
**A**dventures of Hamilton Murray.  
**A**dventures of a Rake.  
**A**dventures of a Cat.  
**A**dventures of a Black Coat.  
**A**dventures of Frank Hammond.  
**A**dventures of Mr. George Edwards, a Creole.  
**A**dventures of a Valet.  
**A**dventures of Capt. Greenland.  
**A**dventures of Roderick Random.  
**A**dventures of Peregrine Pickle.  
**A**dventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom.  
**A**genor and Ismena, or the War of the tender passions.  
**A**melia, by Mr. Fielding.  
**A**melia, or the distressed Wife.  
**A**mours of Philander and Sylvia, or Love-letters between a Nobleman and his Sister.  
**A**morous Friars, or the Intrigues of a Convent.  
**A**nti-Gallican, or the History and Adventures of Harry Cobham.  
**A**nti-Pamela, or feigned Innocence detected.  
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**C**hit-chat, or a series of interesting Adventures.  
**C**hrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea, with curious Anecdotes.  
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- cerns of private Life, and particularly shewing the Distresses that may attend the Misconduct both of Parents and Children in relation to Marriage.
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- History

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## P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. K I N G.

**H**ITHER, in days of yore, from Spain or France  
 Came a dread Sorceress; her name, ROMANCE.  
 O'er Britain's Isle her wayward spells She cast,  
 And Common Sense in magick chain bound fast.  
 In mad Sublime did each fond Lover wooe,  
 And in Heroicks ran each Billet-doux:  
 High deeds of Chivalry their sole Delight,  
 Each Fair a Maid Distrest, each Swain a Knight.  
 Then might Statira Orondates see,  
 At Tilts and Tournaments, arm'd Cap-a-pe:  
 She too, on Milk-white Palfrey, Lance in hand,  
 A Dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.  
 This Fiend to quell, his sword Cervantes drew,  
 A trusty Spanish Blade, Toledo true:  
 Her Talismans and Magick Wand He broke——  
 Knights, Genii, Castles——vanish'd into smoke.



## P R O L O G U E.

*But now, the dear delight of later years,  
 The younger sister of ROMANCE appears :  
 Less solemn is her air, her drift the same,  
 And NOVEL her enchanting, charming, Name.  
 ROMANCE might strike our grave Forëfathers' pomp ;  
 But NOVEL for our Buck and lively Romp !  
 Cassandra's Folios now no longer read,  
 See Two neat Pocket Volumes in their stead !  
 And then so sentimental is the Style,  
 So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while !  
 Plot and elopement, passion, rape, and rapture,  
 The total sum of every dear—dear—Chapter.  
 'Tis not alone the Small-Talk and the Smart,  
 'Tis NOVEL most beguiles the Female Heart.  
 Miss reads—she melts—she sighs--Love steals upon her--  
 And then---Alas, poor Girl!--good-night, poor Honour !*

*" \* Thus of our Polly having lightly spoke ;  
 " Now for our Author !—but without a joke.  
 " Though Wits and Journals, whone'er fibb'd before, }  
 " Have laid this Bantling at a certain door,  
 " Where, lying store of faults, they'd fain heap more ; }  
 " I now declare it, as a serious truth,  
 " 'Tis the first folly of a simple Youth,  
 " Caught and deluded by our harlot plays :—  
 " Then crush not in the shell this Infant Bayes !  
 " Exert your favour to a young Beginner,  
 " Nor use the Stripling like a Batter'd Sinner !*

*\* These Lines were added by Mr. GARRICK, on its being reported, that he was the Author of this Piece : and, however humorous and poetical, contain as strict matter of fact as the dullest Prose.*

## P E R S O N S.

HONEYCOMBE,

Mr. YATES.

LEDGER,

Mr. BRANSBY.

SCRIBBLE,

Mr. KING.

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE,

Mrs. KENNEDY.

POLLY,

Miss POPE.

NURSE,

Mrs. BRADSHAW.



# POLLY HONEYCOMBE,

A Dramatick NOVEL of One ACT.



## S C E N E I.

*An Apartment in HONEYCOMBE's House.*

POLLY, *with a Book in her Hand.*

\*\*\* ELL said, Sir George!—O the dear  
\* W \* man!—But so——“ With these words  
\* \* “ the enraptur'd baronet [*reading*] con-  
\*\*\* “ cluded his declaration of love.”——  
So!——“ But what heart can imagine, [*reading*]  
“ what tongue describe, or what pen deli-  
“ neate, the amiable confusion of Emilia?”——  
Well! now for it!——“ Reader, if thou art a  
“ courtly reader, thou hast seen, at polite tables,  
iced

“ iced cream crimsoned with raspberries ; or, if thou  
 “ art an uncourtly reader, thou hast seen the rosy-  
 “ finger’d morning dawning in the golden east ;”  
 —Dawning in the golden east !—Very pretty ;—  
 “ Thou hast seen, perhaps, [*reading*] the artificial  
 “ vermillion on the cheeks of Cleora, or the ver-  
 “ milion of nature on those of Sylvia ; thou hast  
 “ seen—in a word, the lovely face of Emilia was  
 “ overspread with blushes.”——This is a most  
 beautiful passage, I protest ! Well, a Novel for  
 my money ! Lord, lord, my stupid Papa has no  
 taste. He has no notion of humour, and charac-  
 ter, and the sensibility of delicate feeling. [*affec-*  
*tedly*] And then Mama,—but where was I ?—Oh  
 here—“ overspread with blushes. [*reading*] Sir  
 “ George, touched at her confusion, gently seized  
 “ her hand, and softly pressing it to his bosom,  
 “ [*acting it as she reads*] where the pulses of his  
 “ heart beat quick, throbbing with tumultuous  
 “ passion, in a plaintive tone of voice breathed out,  
 “ Will you not answer me, Emilia ?”——Tender  
 creature !——“ She, half raising [*reading and act-*  
*ing*] her downcast eyes, and half inclining her  
 “ averted head, said in faltering accents—Yes,  
 “ Sir !”—Well, now !——“Then gradually recover-  
 “ ing, with ineffable sweetness she prepared to ad-  
 “ dress him ; when Mrs. Jenkinson bounced into  
 “ the room, threw down a set of china in her hur-  
 “ ry, and strewed the floor with porcelain frag-  
 “ ments : then turning Emilia round and round,  
 “ whirled her out of the apartment in an instant,  
 “ and struck Sir George dumb with astonishment  
 “ at her appearance. She raved ; but the baronet  
 “ resuming his accustomed effrontery——

*Enter*



POLLY HONEYCOMBE. 3

*Enter* NURSE.

Oh, Nurse! I am glad to see you!—Well, and how—

NURSE.

Well, Chicken!

POLLY.

Tell me, tell me all this instant. Did you see him? Did you give him my letter? Did he write? Will he come? Shall I see him? Have you got the answer in your pocket? Have you—

NURSE.

Blessings on her, how her tongue runs!

POLLY.

Nay, but come, dear Nurse, tell me, what did he say?

NURSE.

Say? why he took the letter—

POLLY.

Well!

NURSE.

And kiss'd it a thousand times, and read it a thousand times, and—

POLLY.

Oh charming!

NURSE.

And ran about the room, and blest himself, and, heaven preserve us, curst himself, and—

POLLY.

Very fine! very fine!

NURSE.

And vowed he was the most miserable creature  
B upon

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upon earth, and the happiest man in the world, and—

POLLY.

Prodigiously fine! excellent! My dear, dear Nursee! [*Kissing her.*] Come, give me the letter.

NURSE.

Letter, Chicken! what letter?

POLLY.

The answer to mine. Come then! [*Impatiently*]

NURSE.

I have no letter. He had such a *peramble* to write, by my troth I could not stay for it.

POLLY.

P'hah!

NURSE.

How soon you're affronted now! he said he'd send it some time to-day.

POLLY.

Send it some time to-day!—I wonder now, [*as if musing*] how he will convey it. Will he squeeze it, as he did the last, into the chicken-house in the garden? Or will he write it in lemon-juice, and send it in a book, like blank paper? Or will he throw it into the house, inclosed in an orange? Or will he——

NURSE.

Heavens blefs her, what a sharp wit she has!

POLLY.

I have not read so many books for nothing. Novels, Nursee, Novels! A Novel is the only thing to teach a girl life, and the way of the world, and elegant fancies, and love to the end of the chapter.

NURSE.

## NURSE.

Yes, yes, you are always reading your simple story-books. The *Ventures* of Jack this, and the history of Betsy t'other, and fir Humphrys, and women with hard christian names. You had better read your prayer-book, Chicken.

## POLLY.

Why so I do; but I am reading this now—[*Looking into the book.*] “She raved, but the baronet”—I really think I love Mr. Scribble as well as Emilia did Sir George.—Do you think, Nurfee, I should have had such a good notion of love so early, if I had not read Novels?—Did not I make a conquest of Mr. Scribble in a single night at dancing? But my cross Papa will hardly ever let me go out.—And then, I know life as well as if I had been in the Beau Monde all my days. I can tell the nature of a masquerade as well as if I had been at twenty. I long for a mobbing scheme with Mr. Scribble in the two-shilling gallery, or a snug party a little way out of town in a post chaise—and then, I have such a head full of intrigues and contrivances! Oh, Nurfee, a Novel is the only thing.

## NURSE.

Contrivances! ay, marry, you have need of contrivances. Here are your Papa and Mama fully resolved to marry you to young Mr. Ledger, Mr. Simeon the rich Jew's wife's nephew, and all the while your head runs upon nothing but Mr. Scribble.

## POLLY.

A fiddle-stick's end for Mr. Ledger! I tell you what, Nurfee, I'll marry Mr. Scribble, and not

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marry Mr. Ledger, whether Papa and Mama chuse it or no.—And how do you think I'll contrive it?

NURSE.

How? Chicken!

POLLY.

Why, don't you know?

NURSE.

No, indeed.

POLLY.

And can't you guess?

NURSE.

No, by my troth, not I.

POLLY.

O lord, 'tis the commonest thing in the world.—I intend to elope.

NURSE.

Elope! Chicken, what's that?

POLLY.

Why, in the vulgar phrase, run away,—that's all.

NURSE.

Mercy on us!—Run away!

POLLY.

Yes, run away, to be sure. Why there's nothing in that, you know. Every girl elopes when her parents are obstinate and ill-natur'd about marrying her. It was just so with Betsy Thompson, and Sally Wilkins, and Clarinda, and Leonora in the history of Dick Careless, and Julia in the Adventures of Tom Ramble, and fifty others—Did not they all elope? and so will I too. I have as much right to elope as they had, for I have as much love, and as much spirit, as the best of them.

NURSE.



POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

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NURSE.

Why, Mr. Scribble's a fine man to be sure, a gentleman every inch of him!

POLLY.

So he is, a dear charming man!—Will you elope too, Nursee?

NURSE.

Not for the varfal world. Suppose now, Chicken, your Papa and Mama——

POLLY.

What care I for Papa and Mama? Have not they been married and happy long enough ago? and are they not still coaxing, and fondling, and kissing each other all the day long?—Where's my dear Love, [*mimicking*] my Beauty? says Papa, hobbling along with his crutch-headed cane, and his old gouty legs. Ah, my sweeting, my precious Mr. Honeycombe, d'ye love your nown dear wife? says Mama; and then they squeeze their hard hands to each other, and their old eyes twinkle, and they're as loving as Darby and Joan, —especially if Mama has had a cordial or two—— Eh! Nursee!

NURSE.

Oh fie, Chicken!

POLLY.

And then, perhaps, in comes my utter aversion, Mr. Ledger, with his news from the Change, and his Change-alley wit, and his thirty *per cent.* [*mimicking*] and stocks have risen one and a half and three-eighths.—I'll tell you what, Nursee! they would make fine characters for a Novel, all three of them.

NURSE.

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NURSE.

Ah, you're a graceless bird!—But I must go down stairs, and watch if the coast's clear, in case of a letter.

POLLY.

Could not you go to Mr. Scribble's again after it?

NURSE.

Again! indeed, Mrs. Hot-upon't!

POLLY.

Do now, my dear Nursee, pray do! and call at the Circulating Library as you go along, for the rest of this Novel—The History of Sir George Truman and Emilia—and tell the bookseller to be sure to send me the British Amazon, and Tom Faddle, and the rest of the new Novels this winter, as soon as ever they come out.

NURSE.

Ah, pise on your naughty Novels! I say. [*Exit.*]

POLLY.

Ay, go now, my dear Nursee, go, there's a good woman.—What an old fool it is! with her pise on it—and fie, Chicken—and no, by my troth—[*mimicking.*]—Lord! what a strange house I live in! not a soul in it, except myself, but what are all queer animals, quite droll creatures. There's Papa and Mama, and the old foolish Nursee.—[*Re-enter NURSE with a band-box.*] Oh, Nursee, what brings you back so soon? What have you got there?

NURSE.

Mrs. Commode's 'prentice is below, and has brought home your new cap and ruffles, Chicken!

POLLY,

## P O L L Y.

Let me see—let me see—[*opening the box.*] Well, I swear this is a mighty pretty cap, a sweet pair of flying lappets! Aren't they, Nursee? — Ha! what's this? [*looking into the box.*]—Oh charming! a letter! did not I tell you so?—Let's see—let's see—[*opening the letter hastily—it contains three or four sheets.*] “Joy of my soul—only hope—“eternal bliss—[*dipping into different places.*] The “cruel blasts of coynets and disdain blow out the “flame of love, but then the virgin breath of “kindness and compassion blows it in again.”—Prodigious pretty! isn't it, Nursee? [*turning over the leaves.*]

## N U R S E.

Yes, that is pretty,—but what a deal there is on't! It's an old saying and a true one, the more there's said the less there's done. Ah, they wrote otherguefs sort of letters, when I was a girl! [*while she talks, Polly reads.*]

## P O L L Y.

Lord, Nursee, if it was not for Novels and Love-letters, a girl would have no use for her writing and reading.—But what's here? [*reading.*] Poetry! — “Well may I cry out with Alonzoin the Revenge—  
“*Where didst thou steal those eyes? From heaven?*  
“*Thou didst, and 'tis religion to adore them!*”  
Excellent! oh! he's a dear Man.

## N U R S E.

Ay, to be sure!—But you forget your letter-carrier below; she'll never bring you another, if you don't speak to her kindly.

## P O L L Y.

Speak to her! why, I'll give her six-pence, woman! Tell her I am coming.—I will but just read my letter over five or six times, and go to her.—Oh,  
6 he's

16 POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

he's a charming man! [*reading.*] Very fine! very pretty!—He writes as well as Bob Lovelace!—  
[*kissing the letter.*] Oh, dear, sweet Mr. Scribble!  
[*Exit.*]

*Scene changes to another Apartment.*

HONEYCOMBE and Mrs. HONEYCOMBE at  
breakfast—HONEYCOMBE reading the News-  
paper.

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.  
My dear! [*peevishly.*]

HONEYCOMBE.  
What d'ye say, my Love? [*still reading.*]

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.  
You take no Notice of me.—Lay by that silly  
paper—put it down—come then—drink your tea.  
—You don't love me now.

HONEYCOMBE.  
Ah! my beauty! [*looking very fondly.*]

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.  
Do you love your own dear wife? [*tenderly.*]

HONEYCOMBE.  
Dearly.—She knows I do.—Don't you my  
beauty?

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.  
Ah, you're a dear, dear man! [*rising and kissing  
him.*] He does love her—and he's her own husband  
—and she loves him most dearly and tenderly—  
that she does. [*kissing him.*]

HONEYCOMBE.  
My beauty! I have a Piece of news for you.

Mrs. HONEY-



Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

What is it, my Sweeting?

HONEYCOMBE.

The Paper here says, that young Tom Seaton, of Aldersgate-Street, was married yesterday at Bow-Church to Miss Fairly of Cornhill.

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

A flaunting, flaring huffy! she a husband!—

HONEYCOMBE.

But what does my Beauty think of her own Daughter?

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Of our Polly? Sweeting!

HONEYCOMBE.

Ay, Polly: What sort of a wife d'ye think she'll make? my Love!—I concluded every thing with Mr. Simeon yesterday, and expect Mr. Ledger every minute.

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Think, my Sweeting!—why, I think, if she loves him half so well as I do my own dear man, that she'll never suffer him out of her sight—that she'll look at him with pleasure—*[they both ogle fondly.]*—and love him—and kiss him—and fondle him—oh, my dear! it's impossible to say how dearly I love you. *[kissing and fondling him.]*

*Enter* LEDGER.

LEDGER.

Heyday! what now, good folks, what now? Are you so much in arrear? or are you paying off principal and interest both at once?

C

HONEY.

HONEYCOMBE.

My dear!—Confider—Mr. Ledger is—

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

What signifies Mr. Ledger!—He is one of the family, you know, my Sweeting!

LEDGER.

Ay, so I am,—never mind me—never mind me.—Tho', by the bye, I should be glad of somebody to make much of me too. Where's Miss Polly!

HONEYCOMBE.

That's right—that's right.—Here, John!

*Enter* JOHN.

Where's Polly?

JOHN.

In her own room, Sir.

HONEYCOMBE.

Tell her to come here—and hark ye, John! while Mr. Ledger stays, I am not at home to any body else. [*Exit* JOHN.]

LEDGER.

Not at home!—are those your ways?—If I was to give such a message to my servant, I should expect a commission of bankruptcy out against me the next day.

HONEYCOMBE.

Ay, you men of large dealings—it was so with me, when I was in business.—But where's this girl? what can she be about?—My Beauty, do step yourself, and send her here immediately.

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

I will, my Sweeting! [*offering to kiss him.*]

HONEY.

HONEYCOMBE.

Nay, my Love, not now——

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Why not now?—I will. [*kissing him.*] Good bye, Love.—Mr. Ledger, your servant!—B'ye, Dearest! [*Exit.*]

HONEYCOMBE.

Ha! ha! you see, Mr. Ledger! you see what you are to come to—but I beg pardon—I quite forgot—have you breakfasted?

LEDGER.

Breakfasted! ay, four hours ago, and *done* an hundred Tickets since, over a dish of coffee, at Jonathan's.—Let me see, [*pulling out his watch.*] bless my soul, it's eleven o'clock! I wish Miss would come.—It's Transfer-day.—I must be at the Bank, before twelve, without fail.

HONEYCOMBE.

Oh, here she comes.—[*Enter POLLY.*]—Come, Child! where have you been all this Time?—Well, Sir, I'll leave you together.—Polly, you'll——ha! ha! ha!—Your servant, Mr. Ledger, your servant! [*Exit.*]

[*POLLY and LEDGER remain,—they stand at a great distance from each other.*]

POLLY. [*Aside.*]

What a monster of a man!—What will the frightful creature say to me?—I am now, for all the world, just in the situation of poor Clarissa,——and the wretch is ten times uglier than Soames himself.

LEDGER.

Well, Miss!

C 2

POLLY.

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POLLY. [*Afide.*]

He speaks! what shall I say to him?—Suppose I have a little sport with him.—I will.—I'll indulge myself with a few airs of distant flirtation at first, and then treat him like a dog. I'll use him worse than Nancy Howe ever did Mr. Hickman.—Pray, Sir, [*to Ledger.*] did you ever read the History of Emilia?

LEDGER.

Not I, Miss, not I.—I have no time to think of such things, not I.—I hardly ever read any thing, except the Daily Advertiser, or the List at Lloyd's—nor write neither, except its my name now and then—I keep a dozen clerks for nothing in the world else but to write.

POLLY.

A dozen clerks!—Prodigious!

LEDGER.

Ay, a dozen clerks. Business must be done, Miss!—We have large returns, and the balance must be kept on the right side you know.—In regard to last year now—Our returns from the first of January to the last of December, fifty-nine, were to the amount of sixty thousand pounds, sterling. We clear, upon an average, at the rate of twelve *per cent.* Cast up the twelves in sixty thousand, and you may make a pretty good guess at our net profits.

POLLY.

Net profits!

LEDGER.

Ay, Miss, net profits—Simeon and Ledger are names, as well known as any in the Alley, and  
good



POLLY HONEYCOMBE. 15

good for as much at the bottom of a piece of paper.—But no matter for that—you must know that I have an account to settle with you, Miss.—You're on the debtor side in my books, I can tell you, Miss.

POLLY.

I in your debt, Mr. Ledger!

LEDGER.

Over head and ears in my debt, Miss!

POLLY.

I hate to be in debt of all things——pray let me discharge you at once——for I can't endure to be dunn'd.

LEDGER.

Not so fast, Miss! not so fast. Right reckoning makes long friends——Suppose now we should compound this matter, and strike a balance in favour of both parties.

POLLY.

How d'ye mean? Mr. Ledger!

LEDGER.

Why then, in plain English, Miss, I love you—I'll marry you—My uncle Simeon and Mr. Honeycombe have settled the matter between them—I am fond of the match—and hope you are the same—There's the Sum Total.

POLLY.

Is it possible that I can have any charms for Mr. Ledger?

LEDGER.

16 POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

LEDGER.

Charms! Miss; you are all over charms.—I like you—I like your person, your family, your fortune—I like you altogether—the Omniums—Eh, Miss!—I like the Omniums—and don't care how large a premium I give for them.

POLLY.

Lord, Sir!

LEDGER.

Come, Miss, let's both set our hands to it, and sign and seal the agreement, without loss of time, or hindrance of business.

POLLY.

Not so fast, Sir, not so fast.—Right reckoning makes long friends, you know—Mr. Ledger!

LEDGER.

Miss!

POLLY.

After so explicit and polite a declaration on your part, you will expect, no doubt, some suitable returns on mine.

LEDGER.

To be sure, Miss, to be sure—ay, ay, let's examine the *per contra*.

POLLY.

What you have said, Mr. Ledger, has, I take it for granted, been very sincere.

LEDGER.

Very sincere, upon my credit, Miss!

POLLY.

POLLY.

For my part then, I must declare, however unwillingly——

LEDGER.

Out with it, Miss!

POLLY.

That the passion I entertain for you is equally strong——

LEDGER.

Oh brave!

POLLY.

And that I do, with equal, or more sincerity——

LEDGER.

Thank you, Miss; thank you!

POLLY.

Hate and detest——

LEDGER.

How! how!

POLLY.

Loath and abhor you——

LEDGER.

What! what!

POLLY.

Your sight is shocking to me, your conversation odious, and your passion contemptible——

LEDGER.

Mighty well, Miss; mighty well!

POLLY.

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POLLY.

You are a vile book of arithmetick, a table of pounds, shillings, and pence—You are uglier than a figure of eight, and more tiresome than the multiplication-table.—There's the Sum Total.

LEDGER.

Flesh and blood——

POLLY.

Don't talk to me—Get along—Or, if you don't leave the room, I will.

LEDGER.

Very fine, very fine, Miss!——Mr. Honeycombe shall know this. He'll bring you below Par again, I warrant you. [Exit.

POLLY *alone.*

Ha! ha! ha!——There he goes!——Ha! ha! ha!——I have out-topped them all—Miss Howe, Narcissa, Clarinda, Polly Barnes, Sophy Willis, and all of them. None of them ever treated an odious fellow with half so much spirit.——This would make an excellent chapter in a new Novel.——But here comes Papa—in a violent passion, no doubt.——No matter.——It will only furnish materials for the next chapter.

*Enter* HONEYCOMBE.

HONEYCOMBE.

What is the meaning, mistress Polly, of this extraordinary behaviour? How dare you treat Mr. Ledger so ill, and behave so undutifully to your Papa and Mama?—You are a spoilt child—Your Mama and I have been too fond of you——

But



POLLY HONEYCOMBE. 19

But have a care, young Madam! mend your conduct, or, you may be sure, we'll make you repent on't.

POLLY.

Lord! Papa, how can you be so angry with me?—I am as dutiful as any girl in the world. —But there's always an uproar in the family about marrying the daughter; and now poor I must suffer in my turn.

HONEYCOMBE.

Hark ye, Miss!—Why did not you receive Mr. Ledger as your lover?

POLLY.

Lover!—Oh, dear Papa! he has no more of a lover about him!—He never so much as cast one languishing look towards me, never once prest my hand, or struck his breast, or threw himself at my feet, or—Lord! I read such a delightful declaration of love in the new Novel this morning! First, Papa, sir George Trueman—

HONEYCOMBE.

Devil take sir George Trueman!—these cursed Novels have turned the girl's head—Hark ye, hussy! I could almost find in my heart to—I say, hussy, isn't Mr. Ledger a husband of your Papa and Mama's providing? and ar'n't they the properest persons to dispose of you?

POLLY.

Dispose of me!—See there now!—Why you have no notion of these things, Papa!—Your head's so full of trade and commerce, that you would dispose of your daughter like a piece of

D

mer-

20 POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

merchandise—But my heart is my own property, and at nobody's disposal, but my own.—Sure, you would not consign me, like a bale of silk, to Ledger and Co.—Eh! Papa!

HONEYCOMBE.

Her impudence amazes me.—Hark ye, huffy! you're an undutiful flut—

POLLY.

Not at all undutiful, Papa!—But I hate Mr. Ledger.—I can't endure the sight of him—

HONEYCOMBE.

This is beyond all patience.—Hark ye, huffy, I'll—

POLLY.

Nay more; to tell you the whole truth, my heart is devoted to another. I have an insuperable passion for him; and nothing shall shake my affections for my dear Mr. Scribble.

HONEYCOMBE.

Mr. Scribble!—Who's Mr. Scribble?—Hark ye, huffy! I'll turn you out of doors.—I'll have you confin'd to your chamber—Get out of my sight—I'll have you lock'd up this instant.

POLLY.

Lock'd up! I thought so. Whenever a poor girl refuses to marry any horrid creature her parents provide for her, then she's to be lock'd up immediately.—Poor Clarissa! Poor Sophy Western! I am now going to be treated just as you have been before me.

HONEY-

POLLY HONEYCOMBE. 21

HONEYCOMBE.

Those abominable books!—Hark ye, huffy!  
you shall have no Novel to amuse you—Get along,  
I say—No pen and ink to scrawl letters—Why  
don't you go?—Nor no trusty companion.—  
Get along—I'll have you lock'd up this instant,  
and the key of your chamber shall be in your Ma-  
ma's custody.

POLLY.

Indeed, Papa, you need not give my Mama so  
much trouble.—I have——

HONEYCOMBE.

Get along, I say.

POLLY.

I have read of such things as ladders of ropes—

HONEYCOMBE.

Out of my sight!

POLLY.

Or of escaping out of the window, by tying the  
sheets together——

HONEYCOMBE.

Hark ye, huffy——

POLLY.

Or of throwing one's-self into the street upon a  
feather-bed——

HONEYCOMBE.

I'll turn you out of doors ——

POLLY.

Or of being catch'd in a gentleman's arms ——

HONEYCOMBE.

Zouns! I'll——

POLLY.

Or of——

HONEYCOMBE.

Will you be gone?

[*Exeunt, both talking.*

D 2

*Scene*

*Scene changes to POLLY's Apartment.*

*Enter SCRIBBLE, disguis'd in a livery.*

So!—In this disguise mistress Nurse has brought me hither safe and undiscover'd.—Now for Miss Polly! here's her letter: a true picture of her nonsensical self!—"To my dearest Mr. Scribble."  
[*Reading the direction.*] And the seal Two Doves Billing, with this motto:

"We two,  
"When we wooe,  
"Bill and cooe."

—Pretty!—And a plain proof I shan't have much trouble with her.—I'll make short work on't—I'll carry her off to-day, if possible—clap up a marriage at once, and then down upon our marrow-bones, and ask pardon and blessing of Papa and Mama. [*Noise without.*] Here she comes,

HONEYCOMBE, *without*

Get along, I say.—Up to your own chamber, huffy!

POLLY, *without.*

Well, Papa, I am——

SCRIBBLE.

O the devil!——Her father coming up with her!——What shall I do? [*Running about.*] Where shall I hide myself?——I shall certainly be discovered.—I'll get up the chimney.—Zouns!  
they



POLLY HONEYCOMBE. 23

they are just here—Ten to one the old cuff may not stay with her——I'll pop into this closet.

[Exit,

*Enter* HONEYCOMBE and POLLY.

HONEYCOMBE.

Here, mistress Malapert, stay here, if you please, and chew the cud of disobedience and mischief in private.

POLLY,

Very well, Papa!

HONEYCOMBE.

Very well!—What! you are sulky now! Hark ye, huffy! you are a saucy minx, and 'tis not very well.——I have a good mind to keep you upon bread and water this month. I'll—I'll—But I'll say no more——I'll lock you up, and carry the key to your Mama——She'll take care of you.—You will have Mr. Scribble.——Let's see how he can get to you now. [*Shewing the key.*]

[Exit, locking the door.

POLLY *alone.*

And so I will have Mr. Scribble too, do what you can, Old Squaretoes!——I am provided with pen, ink, and paper, in spite of their teeth.——I remember that Clarissa had cunning drawers made on purpose to secure those things, in case of an accident——I am very glad I have had caution enough to provide myself with the same implements of intrigue, tho' with a little more ingenuity.——Indeed now they make standishes, and tea-chests, and dressing-boxes, in all sorts of shapes and figures——But mine are of my own invention.

24 POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

tion.—Here I've got an excellent ink-horn in my pin-cushion—And a case of pens, and some paper, in my fan [*Produces them.*] I will write to Mr. Scribble immediately. I shall certainly see him eaves-dropping about our door the first opportunity, and then I'll toss it to him out of the window. [*Sits down to write.*]

SCRIBBLE, *putting his head out of the door of the closet.*

A clear coast, I find——The old Codger's gone, and has lock'd me up with his daughter——So much the better!—Pretty Soul! what is she about? Writing?—A letter to me, I'll bet ten to one—I'll go and answer it in *propria persona*.

[*Comes forward, and stands behind Polly, looking over her writing.*]

POLLY, *writing.*

“Me—in—your—Arms.”—Let me see——What have I written? [*Reading.*] “My dearest dear, Mr. Scribble.”

SCRIBBLE.

I thought so!

POLLY, *reading.*

“I am now writing in the most cruel confinement. Fly then, oh fly to me on the wings of love, release me from this horrid gaol, and imprison me in your arms.”

SCRIBBLE.

That I will with all my heart. [*Embracing her.*]

POLLY.

Oh! [*Screaming.*]

SCRIBBLE.

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SCRIBBLE.

O the devil!—why do you scream so?—I shall be discovered in spite of fortune. [*running about.*]

POLLY.

Bless me! is it you? Hush! [*running to the door.*]  
Here's my father coming up stairs, I protest.

SCRIBBLE.

What the duce shall I do?—P'll run into the closet again.

POLLY.

O no! he'll search the closet—Jump out of the window!

SCRIBBLE.

I beg to be excus'd.

POLLY.

Lord! here's no time to—he's here—get under the table—[*Scribble hides.*—Lie still—What shall I say? [*sits down by the table.*]

Enter HONEYCOMBE.

HONEYCOMBE.

How now? huffy!—What's all this noise?

POLLY.

Sir! [*affecting surprise.*]

HONEYCOMBE.

What made you scream so violently?

POLLY.

Scream! Papa?

HONEYCOMBE.

Scream? Papa!—Ay, scream, huffy!—What made you scream! I say.

POLLY.

## POLLY.

Lord! Papa, I have never opened my lips, but have been in a philosophical reverie ever since you left me.

## HONEYCOMBE.

I am sure I thought I heard———But, how now, huffy! what's here?——pens—ink—and paper!——Hark ye, huffy!——How came you by these?——So! so! fine contrivances!——[*Examining them*]——And a letter begun too——“cruel confinement——wings of love——your arms.” [reading.] Ah, you forward slut!——But I am glad I have discovered this——I'll seize these moveables.——So! so! now write, if you can.——Nobody shall come near you——Send to him, if you can.——Now see how Mr. Scribble will get at you.——Now I have you safe, mistress!——and now—ha! ha!——now you may make love to the table.——Hey-day! what's here? a man! [Seeing Scribble.] There was a noise then. Have I caught you? madam!——Come, Sir, come out of your hole! [Scribble comes from under the table.] A footman!——Who the devil are you? Sir!——Where did you come from?——What d'ye want?——How came you here? Eh, firrah!

## SCRIBBLE.

Sir—I—I—What the duce shall I say to him?

## HONEYCOMBE.

Speak, rascal!

## SCRIBBLE.

Sir—I—I—I came about a little business to Miss Honeycombe.

## HONEYCOMBE.

Business!——Ay, you look like a man of business indeed——What! you was to carry this scrawl of a love-letter, I suppose. Eh, firrah!

## SCRIBBLE.



POLLY HONEYCOMBE. 27

SCRIBBLE.

A lucky mistake! I'll humour it. [*Aside.*]

HONEYCOMBE.

What's that you mutter?——Whose livery is this? who do you belong to? fellow!

SCRIBBLE.

My master.

HONEYCOMBE.

And who is your master, Sir?

SCRIBBLE.

A gentleman.

POLLY.

Papa don't suspect who he is. I must speak for him. [*Aside.*]——This honest young man belongs to the gentleman I told you I was devoted to——Mr. Scribble, Papa!

HONEYCOMBE.

To Mr. Scribble, does he? Very fine!

SCRIBBLE.

Yes, Sir! to Mr. Scribble——a person of fortune and character——A man of fashion, Sir!——Miss Polly need not blush to own her passion for him——I don't know a finer gentleman about town than Mr. Scribble.

POLLY.

Lord, how well he behaves!——We shall certainly bam the old gentleman. [*Aside.*]

HONEYCOMBE.

Hark ye, firrah!——Get out of my House this instant.——I've a good mind to have you tossed in a blanket——or dragged thro' a horse-pond——or tied neck and heels, and——I've a good mind to carry you before the Sitting Alderman, you dog you!

E

SCRIB.

S C R I B B L E.

I won't give you that trouble, Sir!——Miss Honeycombë, I kiss your hands.——You have no further commands to my master, at present? Ma'am!——Your compliments, I suppose.

P O L L Y.

Compliments!——My best love to my dear Mr. Scribble.

S C R I B B L E.

Pretty soul!

H O N E Y C O M B E.

This is beyond all patience.—Out of my house, firrah!——Where are all my fellows?——I'll have you thrown out of the window.——You shall be trundled down stairs headlong—you shall—

S C R I B B L E.

Patience, old gentleman! I shall go out of the house the same way I came into it, I promise you!——And let me tell you, Sir, by way of a kind word at parting, that, scold Miss Polly ever so much, watch her ever so narrowly, or confine her ever so closely, Mr. Scribble will have her, whether you will or no, you old cuff you! *[Exit.]*

H O N E Y C O M B E.

An impudent dog!——I'll have his livery stript over his ears for his insolence.——As for you, my young mistress, I'll bring down your high spirit, I warrant you.——There, ma'am, sit there if you please! *[forcing her into a chair.]* We'll send you the Whole Duty of Man, or the Practice of Piety, to read,—or a chair, a screen, or a carpet, to work with your needle.—We'll find you employment.—Some other books than Novels, and some better company than Mr. Scribble's footman.——Have

done with your nonsense—and learn to make a pudding, you impudent, idle young baggage!

[Exit.

POLLY *alone.*

An old fool! [*mocking him.*] Well! this is a curious adventure truly!—If I could but make my escape now, after all, it would be admirable. —I am sure Mr. Scribble would not go far from the house—Let me see—how can I manage it? —Suppose I force the lock—or take off the screws of it—or get the door off the hinges.—I'll try. [*Going, stops.*] Or hold! I have a brighter thought than any of them—I'll set fire to the house—and so be carried off, like stolen goods, in the confusion.—A most excellent contrivance!—I must put it in practice. [*Noise without.*] O dear! here's somebody coming.—[*After unlocking the door, enter Nurse.*] Oh, Nurse, is it you? I am heartily glad to see you. I thought it had been Papa, or Mama.

NURSE.

Ah, Chicken, I have taken care of your Mama.—Mr. Honeycombe brought her the key in a parlous fury, with orders to let nobody go near you, except himself. But Madam—I can't chuse but laugh—Madam had taken a glass extraordinary of her cordial, and I have left her fast asleep in her own chamber.

POLLY.

The luckiest thing in the world!—Now, my dear Nurse, you may let your poor bird out of her cage.—Away, away this instant!

NURSE.

Softly, Chicken, softly!—you ruined all with Mr. Scribble, just now, by making a noise, you know.

E 2

POLLY.

## POLLY.

Lord, Nursee, I had no power of reflection—I was quite frightened—I was as much surprised as Sophy Western when she saw Tom Jones in the looking-glass.

## NURSE.

Hush! you shall steal off immediately. Your Papa is very busy with Mr. Ledger.—Mr. Scribble is waiting with a hackney-chair but in the next street—you may slip sily into it, and be convey'd to his lodgings in a trice, Chicken!

## POLLY.

And he strut before the chair all the way in his livery, and cry—"By your leave, Sir!—By your leave, Ma'am!"—Eh!—Admirable!—Come, Nursee, I long to be in his hands.

## NURSE.

Stay! let me go before, to see that there is nobody in the way. Come gently down stairs.—I'll set open the door, and then you may get to him as fast as you can.—Ah, you're a wanton baggage!

## POLLY.

Very well! come along then!—"By your leave, Sir!—By your leave, Ma'am!" Oh rare!—This is the finest adventure I ever had in my life.

[Exit, following the Nurse.]

Scene changes to Mrs. HONEYCOMBE'S Apartment.

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE alone,—several phials on the table, with labels.

I am not at all well to-day.—[yawns, as if just waking.]—Such a quantity of tea in a morning makes



POLLY HONEYCOMBE. 31

makes one quite nervous—and Mr. Honeycombe does not chuse it qualified.—I have such a dizziness in my head, it absolutely turns round with me.—I don't think neither that the Hysterick Water is warm enough for my stomach.—I must speak to Mr. Julep, to order me something rather more comfortable.

*Enter* NURSE.

NURSE.

Did you call, Ma'am?

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Oh Nurse, is it you?—No, I did not call—Where's Mr. Honeycombe?

NURSE.

Below stairs in the parlour, Madam.—I did not think she'd have wak'd so soon—If she should miss the key now, before I've an opportunity to lay it down again! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

What d'ye say, Nurse?

NURSE.

Say? Ma'am!—Say!—I say, I hope you're a little better, Ma'am!

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Oh Nurse, I am perfectly giddy with my Nerves, and so low-spirited.

NURSE.

Poor gentlewoman! Suppose I give you a sup out of the case of Italian Cordials, Ma'am! that was sent as a present from Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, in Crutched-Fryars—the Italian Merchant with the long name.

Mrs.

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Filthy poison! don't mention it!—Faugh! I hate the very names of them.—You know, Nurse, I never touch any Cordials, but what come from the Apothecary's—What o'clock is it?—Isn't it time to take my Draught?

NURSE.

By my troth, I believe it is—Let me see, I believe this is it—*[Takes up a phial, and slips the key upon the table.]* “The Stomachick Draught to be taken an hour before dinner. For Mrs. Honeycombe.” *[reading the label.]*—Ay, this is it—By my troth, I am glad I've got rid of the key again. *[Aside.]*

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Come then!—Pour it into a tea-cup, and give it me.—I'm afraid I can't take it. It goes sadly against me.

*While she is drinking, HONEYCOMBE without.*

Run, John, run!—After them immediately!—Harry, do you run too—Stick close to Mr. Ledger—Don't return without them, for your life!

NURSE.

Good lack! good lack! they're discover'd as sure as the day. *[Aside.]*

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Lord, Nurse, what's the matter?

NURSE.

I don't know, by my troth,

*Enter*

*Enter* HONEYCOMBE.

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

O, my Sweeting, I am glad you are come.—I was so frightened about you. [*Rises and seems disordered.*]

HONEYCOMBE.

Zouns! my Dear——

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

O don't swear, my Dearest!

HONEYCOMBE.

Zouns! it's enough to make a parson swear—You have let Polly escape—She's run away with a fellow.

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

You perfectly astonish me, my Dear!—I can't possibly conceive—My poor head aches too to such a degree—Where's the key of her chamber? [*Seems disorder'd.*]

NURSE.

Here, Madam, here it is.

HONEYCOMBE.

Zouns! I tell you——

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Why here's the key, my Sweeting!—It's absolutely impossible—it has lain here ever since you brought it me—not a soul has touched it—have they, Nurse? [*disorder'd.*]

NURSE.

34 POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

NURSE.

Not a creature, I'll take my Bible oath on't.

HONEYCOMBE.

I tell you, she's gone.—I'm sure on't.—Mr. Ledger saw a strange footman put her into a chair, at the corner of the street—and He and John, and a whole Posse, are gone in pursuit of them.

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

This is the most extraordinary circumstance—It's quite beyond my comprehension—But my Sweeting must not be angry with his own dear wife—it was not her fault. [*fondling.*]

HONEYCOMBE.

Nay, my Love, don't trifle now!

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

I must—I will—

HONEYCOMBE.

Zouns! my Dear, be quiet!—I shall have my girl ruined for ever.

LEDGER, *without.*

This way—this way—bring them along!

HONEYCOMBE.

Hark! they're coming—Mr. Ledger has overtaken them—they're here.

LEDGER, *without.*

Here!—Mr. Honeycombe is in this room—Come along!

*Enter*



POLLY HONEYCOMBE. 35

*Enter* LEDGER, POLLY, and SCRIBBLE,  
*with Servants.*

LEDGER.

Here they are, Mr. Honeycombe!—We've brought them back again.—Here they are, Madam.

HONEYCOMBE.

Hark ye, Huffy; I have a good mind to turn you out of doors again immediately.—You are a disgrace to your family.—You're a shame to—

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Stay, my dear, don't you put yourself into such a passion!—Polly, observe what I say to you—Let me know the whole circumstances of this affair—I don't at all understand—Tell me, I say—[*Disorder'd.*]

HONEYCOMBE.

Zouns! I have no patience.—Hark ye, huffy!—Where was you going?—Tell me for certain who this fellow belongs to?—Where does he live?—Who is he?

POLLY.

That gentleman, Papa, that gentleman is no other than Mr. Scribble.

HONEYCOMBE.

This ! is this Mr. Scribble?

SCRIBBLE.

The very man, sir, at your service—An humble admirer of Miss Honeycombe's.

F

POLLY

POLLY.

Yes, Papa, that's Mr. Scribble.——The sovereign of my heart——The sole object of my affections.

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

What can be the meaning of all this?

HONEYCOMBE.

Why, you beggarly flut! this is even worse than I expected.——What, would you run away from your family with a fellow in livery? a footman?

POLLY.

A footman! ha! ha! ha! very good; and so, Papa, you really believe he is a footman. A footman!

SCRIBBLE.

A footman, eh, my dear!——An errand boy!——A scoundrel fellow in livery——Yes, I am very like a footman, to be sure! [*Laughing with Polly.*]

POLLY.

Why, Papa, don't you know that every gentleman disguises himself in the course of an amour?——Don't you remember that Bob Lovelace disguised himself like an old man? and Tom Ramble like an old woman?——No adventure can be carried on without it.

HONEYCOMBE.

She's certainly mad—~~stark~~ mad.——Hark ye, fir! who are you?——I'll have you sent to the Compter—You shall give an account of yourself before my Lord Mayor.

SCRIBBLE.

S C R I B B L E.

What care I for my Lord-Mayor?

H O N E Y C O M B E.

There!—There's a fellow for you!—Don't care for my Lord Mayor!

S C R I B B L E.

No—nor the whole court of Aldermen.—Hark ye, old Greybeard, I am a gentleman—A gentleman as well known as any in the city.

Mrs. H O N E Y C O M B E.

Upon my word, I believe so.—He seems a very proper gentleman-like—sort of a—kind of a—person.

L E D G E R.

As well known as any in the city!—I don't believe it—He's no good man—I am sure he's not known upon 'Change.

S C R I B B L E.

Damme, fir, what d'ye mean?

L E D G E R.

Oho! Mr. Gentleman, is it you?—I thought I knew your voice—Ay, and your face too.—Pray, Sir, don't you live with Mr. Traverse, the attorney, of Gracechurch-Street?—Did not you come to me last week about a policy of insurance?

S C R I B B L E.

O the Devil! [*aside.*] I come to you? fir!—I never saw your face before. [*to Ledger.*]

N U R S E.

Good lack! he'll certainly be discovered. [*aside.*]

H O N E Y C O M B E.

An attorney's clerk!—Hark ye, friend—

38 POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

SCRIBBLE.

'Egad, I'd best sneak off before it's worse.  
[going.]

HONEYCOMBE.

Hark ye, woman! [*to Nurse,*]—I begin to suspect—Have not I heard you speak of a kinsman, clerk to Mr. Traverse?—Stop him!

SCRIBBLE.

Hands off, Gentlemen!—Well then—I do go through a little business for Mr. Traverse—What then! What have you to say to me now? fir!

POLLY.

Do pray, Mama, take Mr. Scribble's part, pray do!

NURSE.

Do, ma'am, speak a good word for him.

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

I understand nothing at all of the matter.

*Apart, while  
they are  
stopping  
Scribble.*

HONEYCOMBE.

Hark ye, woman!—He's your nephew—I'm sure on't—I'll turn you out of doors immediately.—You shall be—

NURSE.

I beg upon my knees that your honour would forgive me—I meant no harm, Heaven above knows—

[*Kneeling,*

HONEYCOMBE.

No harm! what, to marry my daughter to—I'll have you sent to Newgate—And you, [*to Polly,*] you sorry baggage; d'ye see what you was about?—You was running away with a beggar—With your Nurse's nephew, hussy!

POLLY.



POLLY.

Lord, Papa, what signifies whose nephew he is? He may be ne'er the worse for that.—Who knows but he may be a Foundling, and a gentleman's son, as well as Tom Jones?—My mind is resolved, —And nothing shall ever alter it.

SCRIBBLE.

Bravo, Miss Polly!—A fine generous spirit, faith!

HONEYCOMBE.

You're an impudent slut—You're undone.—

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Nay, but look ye, Polly!—mind me, child! —You know that I—

POLLY.

As for my poor Mama here, you see, sir, she is a little in the nervous way this morning—— When she comes to herself, and Mr. Julep's draughts have taken a proper effect, she'll be convinced I am in the right.

HONEYCOMBE.

Hold your impertinence!—Hark ye, Polly——

POLLY.

And you, my angelick Mr. Scribble!

SCRIBBLE.

*Ma chere Adorable!*

POLLY.

You may depend on my constancy and affection. I never read of any Lady's giving up her lover, to submit to the absurd election of her parents—— I'll have you, let what will be the consequence. ——I'll have you, though we go through as many distresses as Booth and Amelia.

HONEY-

40 POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

HONEYCOMBE.

Peace, Huffy!

POLLY.

As for you, you odious wretch, [*to Ledger.*] how could they ever imagine that I should dream of such a creature? A great He-monster! I would as soon be married to the Staffordshire Giant—I hate you. You are as deceitful as Blifil, as rude as the Harlowes, and as ugly as Doctor Slop.

[*Exit.*]

LEDGER.

Mighty well, Miss, mighty well!

SCRIBBLE.

Prodigious humour! high fun, faith!

HONEYCOMBE.

She's downright raving—Mad as a March hare—I'll put her into Bedlam—I'll fend her into the country—I'll have her shut up in a nunnery—I'll——

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Come, my Sweeting, don't make your dear self so uneasy—Don't——

HONEYCOMBE.

As for you, sir! [*to Scribble.*]—Hark ye, Strip-ling——

SCRIBBLE.

Nay, nay, Old Gentleman, no bouncing!--—— You're mistaken in your man, sir! I know what I'm about.

HONEYCOMBE.

Zouns, fir, and I know——

SCRIBBLE.

POLLY HONEYCOMBE. 41

S C R I B B L E.

Yes, fir, and I know that I've done nothing contrary to the twenty-sixth of the King—Above a month ago, fir, I took lodgings in Miss Polly's name and mine, in the parish of St. George's in the Fields——The bans have been asked three times, and I could have married Miss Polly to-day——So much for that.——And so, fir, your servant.——If you offer to detain me, I shall bring my action on the case for false imprisonment, sue out a bill of Middlesex, and upon a *Non est inventus*, if you abscond, a *Latitat*, then an *Alias*, a *Pluries*, a *Non omittas*, and so on——Or perhaps I may indict you at the sessions, bring the affair by *Certiorari* into *Bancum regis, et cætera, et cætera, et cætera*——And now——Stop me at your peril. [Exit.]

H O N E Y C O M B E.

I am stunn'd with his jargon, and confounded at his impudence.——Hark you, woman, [*to the Nurse*]. —I'll have you committed to Newgate —I'll——

N U R S E.

Mighty well, your honour!——Fine treatment for an old servant indeed!——I, to be huff'd and ding'd about at this rate.——But 'tis an old saying and a true one——Give a dog an ill name, and hang him!——Live and learn, as they say——We grow older and older every day.——Service is no inheritance in these ages——There are more places than parish-churches——So you may do as you please, your honour!——But I shall look up my things! give up a month's wages, for want of a month's warning, and go my ways out of your house immediately. [Exit.]

H O N E Y.

HONEYCOMBE.

Why, you old beldam, I'll have you carted——  
You shall be burnt for a witch——But I'll put  
an end to this matter at once——Mr. Ledger,  
you shall marry my daughter to-morrow morning.

LEDGER.

Not I, indeed, my friend! I give up my interest  
in her.——She'd make a terrible wife for a sober  
citizen.——Who can answer for her behaviour?  
——I would not underwrite her for ninety *per*  
*cent.* [Exit.

HONEYCOMBE.

See there! see there!—My girl is undone.—Her  
character is ruined with all the world——These  
damn'd Story-books!——What shall we do, Mrs.  
Honeycombe? what shall we do?

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Look ye, my Dear, you've been wrong in every  
particular——

HONEYCOMBE.

Wrong!——I! Wrong!——

Mrs. HONEYCOMBE.

Quite wrong, my Dear!——I would not expose  
you before company—My Tenderness, you know,  
is so great——But leave the whole affair to me——  
You are too violent——Go, my dear, go and  
compose yourself, and I'll set all matters to rights  
——[*Going, turns back.*] Don't you do any thing  
of your own head now——Trust it all to me, my  
Dear!——And I'll settle it in such a manner, that  
you,—and I—and all the world—shall be astonish-  
ed and delighted with it. [Exit muttering.

HONEYCOMBE *alone.*

Zouns! I shall run mad with vexation——Was  
ever man so heartily provoked?——You see now,  
Gentlemen, [*coming forward to the audience.*] what  
a



a situation I am in !—Instead of happiness and jollity—My friends and family about me,—A wedding and a dance,—And every thing as it should be,—Here am I, left by myself,—Deserted by my intended son-in-law—Bully'd by an attorney's clerk—Affronted by my own servant—My Daughter mad—My Wife in the Vapours—And all's in confusion.—This comes of Cordials and Novels.—Zouns ! your Stomachicks are the Devil—And a man might as well turn his Daughter loose in Covent-garden, as trust the cultivation of her mind to

A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

G

EPI.

# EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Miss POPE.

*Enter, as POLLY, laughing—Ha! ha! ha!*

*M*<sup>T</sup> poor Papa's in woeful agitation—  
*While I, the Cause, feel here, [striking her*  
*bosom.] no palpitation.—*

*We Girls of Reading, and superior notions,  
Who from the fountain-head drink Love's sweet potions,  
Pity our Parents, when such passion blinds 'em;  
One hears the good folks rave—One never minds 'em.  
Till these dear books infus'd their soft ingredients,  
Asham'd and fearful, I was all Obedience.  
Then my good Father did not storm in vain,  
I blush'd and cry'd—I'll ne'er do so again.  
But now no bugbears can my spirit tame;  
I've conquer'd Fear—And almost conquer'd Shame.  
So much these dear Instructors change and win us,  
Without their light we ne'er should know what's in us.  
Here we at once supply our childish wants—  
NOVELS are Hotbeds for your forward plants.  
Not only Sentiments refine the Soul,  
But hence we learn to be the Smart and Droll;  
Each awkward circumstance for laughter serves,  
From Nurse's nonsense to my Mother's NERVES.*

4 AP 54

## E P I L O G U E.

*Though Parents tell us, that our genius lies  
In mending linen, and in making pies ;  
I set such formal precepts at defiance,  
That preach up prudence, neatness, and compliance ;  
Leap these old bounds, and boldly set the pattern,  
To be a Wit, Philosopher, and Slattern—*

*O! did all Maids and Wives my spirit feel,  
We'd make this topsy-turvy world to reel.  
Let us to arms!—Our Fathers, Husbands, dare !  
NOVELS will teach us all the Art of War :  
Our Tongues will serve for Trumpet and for Drum ;  
I'll be your Leader—General HONEYCOMBE !*

*Too long has human nature gone astray :  
Daughters should govern, Parents should obey.  
Man should submit, the moment that he weds ;  
And hearts of oak should yield to wiser heads.  
I see you smile, bold Britons !—But 'tis true—  
Beat You the French ;—But let your Wives beat  
You.—*

## F I N I S.

Columan In 7 June

EPILOGUE

Through Parents tell us, that our country  
Is making him, and in making him  
I let such formal protest at the name,  
That such as the name, meaning, and reputation  
Tells the name is, and holds it for the name,  
To be a name, Philip, and Philip—  
O! did all name, and name my name,  
We make this name, and name to name  
It is to name—Our name, name, name  
Name will name in all the name  
Our name will name for name, and name  
To be name, name, name, name  
The name has name name name  
Name name name name, name name name  
Name should name, the name that the name  
And name of name name to name name  
I see you name, name name—But name  
But you the name—But let name name  
You—



